

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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I CLIMB TO REST.

Still must I climb if I would rest;
The bird soars upward to his nest;
The young leaf on the treetop high
Cradles itself within the sky.

The streams, that seem to hasten down,
Return in clouds, the hills to crown.
The plant arises from her root,
To hold aloft her flower and fruit.

I cannot in the valley stay;
The great horizons stretch away.
The very cliffs that wall me round
Are ladders unto higher ground.

To work,—to rest,—for each a time;
I toil, but I must also climb.
What soul was ever quite at ease
Shut in by earthly boundaries?

I am not glad till I have known
Life that can lift me from my own;
A loftier level must be won,
A mightier strength to lean upon.

And heaven draws near as I ascend;
The breeze invites, the stars befriend;
All things are beckoning to the Best. . . .
I climb to Thee, O God, for rest.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

THE SPIRIT WILLING, THE FLESH WEAK.

"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into
temptation; the spirit indeed is willing, but the
flesh is weak."—MATT. XXVI. 41.

There are two natures in each of us,—
the body and the soul, the instincts and
the aspirations, the promptings of the
spiritual nature and the gravitation
toward ease or self-indulgence of the nat-
ural man. And for the most part, the two
natures are suffered to maintain an inde-
pendent existence, neither being brought
into permanent subjection, but, weak and
powerful by turns, each having its way
in its season of predominance.

And so little do we question ourselves
about any ruling purpose, any order and
symmetry of life,—a long habit of com-
mitting ourselves to courses that are de-
termined by accident, by pressure from
without, by inclination, has so stifled a
demand for harmony and unity of being,
that we escape any painful or revolting
sense of discord and inconsistency; we
not only yield to changing moods, but
seem to carry our whole nature into them;
so that, being for the time "natural" in
each of our states, we make nature its
own justification, without inquiring *which*
nature it is that we are obeying.

This is the description of a being in
whom conscience takes no place of com-
mand, and is only a co-ordinate power,
one among the crowd of directing inclina-
tions; it is the habitual life of us all. We
do as nature inclines, or as circumstances
determine; we are what we are, or we
are as it may happen; but we impose no
law upon ourselves, and enforce no unity
of spirit. Thus Peter was perfectly "nat-
ural" and perfectly sincere (in the sense
of reflecting truly the whole feeling of the
time) when he vowed that he would
cheerfully go to meet death for his Mas-
ter; and, no doubt, if the crisis had
come at that moment, he would have
proved equal to the boast. Then he
yielded to the next direction of his na-
ture, which happened to be one of mere
weariness and exhaustion, sinking into

slumber when wakefulness was most needed; he awoke suddenly, without forethought or preparation, to find danger close at hand. And then he yielded to an instinct of terror, and let the coward-prompting carry him to such a pitch of surrender to the "nature" that was uppermost, as in his Lord's presence and with panic oaths to deny that he knew him. Then he met the eye of Christ, and yielded in turn to that power, and went out and wept bitterly.

Wherever the soul is put in charge of the life, wherever there is spiritual solicitude and clear perception of the duty of self-discipline, such easy submission to mere tendencies becomes impossible. If there is still a divergence between the spirit and the flesh, it is no longer because each in its season is permitted to have its own way, but because the willingness of the spirit is left at the mercy of the unguarded weakness of the flesh; and then all the peculiarities of positive sin come into existence, namely, a sense of defeated desires, of betrayed purposes, of abandoned right, with the testimony of a guilty conscience. The common condition of us all is that in which the prompting of the spirit often yields to temptation, and infirmity prevails. We may desire to be what is right, to do what is right, and yet be practically thwarted by our own weakness, while yet *a power to conquer remains with us, if we would exert it*. "The good that I would," says Saint Paul (describing this very condition), "I do not: the evil which I would not, that I do."

What is the nature of the case in which the willing spirit is thus betrayed and defeated?

There are impulses from the Spirit, promptings from within, which are not properly *ours* until we have made them so, by breathing and living and having our being within their inspiration. They come by no effort, and from no merit of our own; they are of God's grace, and make no part of our individual personality until we appropriate them by fidelity of being. Man's province is not that of supplying himself with inspirations, but that of earnest and loyal obedience to those which God supplies. "Work out your own salvation," says the Apostle, "for God, of his own accord, is always working in you." We have nothing to do with the work of inspiration, but only with the work of obedience, which fits us

for higher inspirations. We are on the way to find God and our own blessedness, if only we will permit Him at each stage of our growth to be our ruling Spirit. He gives the divine direction, suggests the generous purpose, prompts the merciful act. From Him is the impulse of kindness, the vision of love, the hunger of the heart for pure, unselfish joy. It is ours to work together with His Spirit, yielding our members as its instruments.

Now these divine promptings, in the moments they are upon us, are so strongly felt, and bring a peace so strange and clear, that we arrogate them as ours already and forget the conditions of possession,—that they are really *the solicitings of God*, the door of heaven opened for a moment by God's hand to give us a gleam of the incorruptible blessedness; not ours yet, but our Father's call upon us for the corresponding works of sacrifice and love. To mistake them for ours, at that stage, is to confuse God's province with our own, to confuse that which He works in us with that which we have to work out.

Hence it is that men make gracious offers which they do not perform, utter words which raise expectations that they never realize. Not that they were insincere in the act of promise, for then a kindly impulse was upon them and they spoke as the spirit moved; if the feeling could have executed itself then and there, it would no doubt have had its fulfilment. But the cost was not counted; not one stone of the tower was laid while yet we spoke of it as of a thing accomplished. All unkept promises that came from a righteous impulse when they were spoken are examples of the willingness of the spirit and the weakness of the flesh.

To confound God's inspirations with our own goodness leads to failure in another way. Knowing the reality of the impulse, we attribute the willingness to ourselves and the failure to circumstances; whereas the momentary willingness was from God, and the practical failure was entirely our own. In reality nothing is ours but the personal sacrifice we have made, the labor we have given, and the amount of conscientious will we have put forth against disabling weakness.

The willing spirit is often betrayed by infirmity, when we do not provide for the difference between the distant contemplation of difficult action and the unexpected resistance which suddenly makes its ap-

pearance when the action has to be done. There is a serene state of the spirit when we contemplate life and duty without immediate reference to practical difficulties. Images of hope and possibility come delightfully near to us out of the ideal future. If we only remembered, in that hour of vision, that not all the conditions of the problem were then before us, that there is another and weaker self which has to be the agent in the works of the spirit, then we might bring our whole being under the same dominion and place both our strength and our weakness under the guardian hand of God.

And the willing spirit is often defeated by definite infirmity. There may be a weakness or a vice in the character, which, though it resists and obscures the directions of the Spirit, does not wholly destroy them. All that we hold most dear may be rendered impossible to us by mere fits of weakness. The desire of the heart may be prevented by an angry word, a haughty look, a passing temper. The purpose of a life may be defeated by the sluggard's bed, by aimless absence of mind, by an unguarded stupor of the soul.

How many of us never know what rich things God has put into our nature, because we will not work those hidden mines!

And sometimes the willing spirit will, if unguarded, have its purpose and its peace snatched away in storms of life and reverses of fortune that seem to change the whole aspect of existence. Overpowering trouble, sudden trials of principle in new circumstances,—these overthrow many a character, or rather they test its substantial spirit and prove what its prayer and watchfulness had been. For even here it is still true that "there hath no temptation taken us but such as is common to man." We might break the keen edge of the suddenness of these things; we might by prayer and watchfulness have laid down the way of escape, "that we should be able to bear them."—*John Hamilton Thom.*

Christian faith is a grand cathedral with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any. Standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendors.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

THE STILL HOUR.

A LITANY OF LOVE.

God of mercy, loving all,
Pitying Thy creatures' fall,
On Thy Name of Love we call :—
Hear us, we beseech Thee!

Give the love divinely strong,
Moved not, though it suffers long;
Kind to those who do the wrong;
Hear us, we beseech Thee!

Give the love to anger slow,
Fearing seeds of strife to sow;
Never helping strife to grow;
Hear us, we beseech Thee!

Give the love that thinks no ill,
And with power of gentle will
Can the power of slander still;
Hear us, we beseech Thee!

Give the love that will abide
True and firm, however tried,
And a brother's fault will hide;
Hear us, we beseech Thee!

Give the love for which we pray,
Love that never can decay,
Never fail nor pass away;
Hear us, we beseech Thee!

—*M. Woodward.*

When you watch religion at work, you find a morality; when you converse with religion in its thoughtful moods, you find theology; but when you get to the heart of religion, you find a song.—*Ainsworth.*

Kings unto God, we may not doubt our power;
We may not languish when He says
Be strong.
We must move on through every adverse hour,
And take possession as we pass along.

O ye that faint and die, arise and live!
Sing, ye that all things have a charge to bless :—
If He is faithful Who has sworn to give,
Then be ye also faithful to possess.

—*A. L. Waring.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass., Tel. Quincy 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols' asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. C. W. Cherry, formerly at Grape-land, Texas, is now at Overton, Rusk County, Texas, Route 1, Box 48.

Mrs. P. E. Wann is now at Duncan, Oklahoma, Route 1.

Mrs. Ella Simmons is now at Athens, Texas, Route 4.

Mrs. N. B. Strickland, formerly at Swepsonville, North Carolina, is now at 323 Ridge Street, Rocky Mount, North Carolina.

Mrs. Lucy Eanes, formerly at Bassett, Virginia, is now at Philpott, Virginia.

Mrs. Katie Merritt, formerly at Critz, Virginia, is now at Smith, North Carolina.

OFFERS.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster Street, Cambridge, Mass. "The Panama Canal," Haskins; "Poetry for Home and School"; Wordsworth's Works; "Oldtown Folks," Harriet Beecher Stowe; "Ten Great Religions," James Freeman Clarke; "Life of Channing," Channing; Sermons, 2d Series, Rev. F. W. Robertson; "The Inland Voyage," "Underwoods," Robert Louis Stevenson; "English Humorists," Thackeray; "Chronicles of Sir John Froissart," arranged for young readers; "Pioneering where the World is Old—Manchuria," Alice Tisdale; "Notre Dame," Victor Hugo; "Hood's Complete Works"; "Life of Woolsey," Cavendish.

The following books are offered only to libraries open to the public: Set of Lamb's Works (8 vols.); set of Irving's Works (16 vols.); "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" (8 vols.), Gibbon; "Life of Washington" (5 vols.), Washington Irving.

The Brookline (First Parish) Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. W. Suter, 116 Warren Street, Brookline, Mass. "Practical Guide to Whist,"

Ames; "Geographic Reader, North America," Carpenter; "Channing Centenary"; "Ulysses S. Grant," Coolidge; "Journal of Our Legation in Belgium," Gibson; "History of Greece," Grote (12 vols.); "Three Acres and Liberty," Hall; "Harper's Encyclopædia of United States History" (vol. 5 and vol. 9); "The Doctor in War," Hutchinson; "Indians and Pioneers," Hazard; "Books and the War," Koch; "Lectures on Fire Insurance"; Selected Speeches, Lincoln; "First Aid to the Injured," Morton; "Outlines of Universal History"; "America in France," Palmer; "Woman Rice-Planter," Pennington; "Study of Prose Fiction," Perry; "The Future Citizen and his Mother" (lectures on maternity and child welfare), Porter; "Personal Hygiene," Pyle; "Central America," Stephens; "The Spanish in the Southwest," Winterburn; "Citizen Bird," Wright; "The Workers," Wyckoff.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass., offers the following books: "History of the War for Independence," John Fiske; "Promoting Good Citizenship," James Bryce; "Jackanapes," Mrs. J. H. Ewing; "Quentin Durward," "Ivanhoe," "The Lady of the Lake," and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," Walter Scott; "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Harriet Beecher Stowe; "Play-day Stories," Sarah Orne Jewett; "Waste Not, Want Not," Maria Edgeworth; "As You Like It," Shakespeare; "Washington's Farewell Address" and "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address" in one volume.

REQUESTS.

1. I am a little girl nearly twelve years of age. My birthday is February 10. I should like to be remembered with cards and reading. I should also appreciate scraps of velvet or gingham for my quilt; and bits of ribbon for my little sisters aged three and five years. I hope to see my letter in print, for this is my first letter to the paper. For reference I give Rev. R. S. Whittington, Ashland, West Virginia. Verdie A. Hall, Ashland, West Virginia. (This letter came too late for recognition of a February birthday.)

2. Mrs. Cora A. Hoskinson, 3142 Wheeler Street, Three Rivers, Michigan, would like the *Pictorial Review* of current or late years and will pass it on.

3. I wish to thank the dear Cheerful Letter friends for their kindness in send-

ing me reading in the past; it has been so much company for me. I have been sick all the winter, and any books, cards, or magazines will be greatly appreciated through the long winter days. Also reading for my four little children. I ask to be remembered on my birthday, which will be the 7th of March. I seldom get to church, on account of bad health. I should like a song-book, a Bible, or any good reading. Mrs. Lizzie Hall, Campbell, North Carolina, R. F. D. 1, Box 63.

4. Wishing to thank all who have sent reading in the past years to my mother, S. M. Turner, I come now asking for my little sister Evelyn a "Mother Goose"; for Geraldine, an A. B. C. book; for myself, good Sabbath reading, post-cards, or pictures. Pattie L. Turner, Dodson, Virginia, R. F. D. 1, Box 10.

5. Annie A. Burford, Waugh, Virginia, will be thirteen on March 6, and would like to receive on that date post-cards and silk scraps.

6. It has been some time since I wrote to *The Cheerful Letter*, and I will take this way to thank the ladies that sent me magazines some time ago. I lost the addresses and could not thank them. I should like to get the *Ladies' Home Journal* this year, and some reading for my daughter sixteen years old. Mrs. R. D. Gillispie, Pedlar Mills, Virginia.

7. Mrs. C. B. Merrick, R. F. D., Methuen, Mass., would like the magazine *Unity*.

8. Miss Mamie Taylor, Green Bay, Virginia, a teacher, would like very much to have a copy of Gray's Manual of Botany.

9. I wish to thank every one who so kindly sent me good reading, also other tokens through *The Cheerful Letter*. I hope to be remembered in future with Sabbath reading. My little girls would like some patchwork pieces for their quilts, and bits of ribbon. Mrs. S. L. Turner, Dodson, Virginia.

10. I thank the Cheerful Letter friends for their kindness in sending the nice things. I wonder if any one would send me a pattern for mamma to make me a dress for my age, eleven years,—I mean if any one has a pattern to throw away. Edna Johnson, Pedlar Mills, Virginia.

11. I should be glad to receive *The Cheerful Letter* for 1920. It came to my

mother, Mrs. E. C. Anderson, so long that I can't give it up; and it helps me, for I can go to church only now and then, as I have rheumatism and chronic bronchitis. I have been giving *The Cheerful Letter* to a family of colored people to help them in their day-school and Sunday-school. Miss Alice C. Anderson, Mocksville, North Carolina, Route 5, Box 26.

12. Mrs. Lou N. Turner, Dodson, Virginia, wishes *Zion's Herald* or other Sabbath reading.

13. I come again asking for good reading for myself and little girl of twelve years. We have moved from Grapeland to this place. We are in the pine woods seven miles from town, and as I don't know any one it is certainly lonesome. I should appreciate good reading to help pass these long nights away. Mrs. C. W. Cherry, Overton, Rusk County, Texas, Route 4, Box 48.

14. I have received some good books from the Cheerful Letter friends, which I appreciate very much. I have changed my address and should again be glad to have any kind of good reading; also picture-books for baby. Mrs. P. E. Wann, Duncan, Oklahoma, Route 1.

15. I come again to thank all the kind friends that sent me reading and Christmas greetings. I could not answer all except through our good little paper. Thanks to all again. I have moved once more and I hope the good friends will remember me through this year. Mrs. Ella Simmons, Athens, Texas, Route 4.

16. Could you send my little girl of nine, Margaret Alice Gordon, a Testament for her very own? We should be very glad of any books or magazines, especially the *Youth's Companion*. Mrs. Nanna C. Gordon, 521 West 12th Street, North Platte, Nebraska.

17. Mrs. Haze Burch, Pleasant View, Virginia, asks for story books or papers for her little boy of eight, an only child, who gets lonely, loves to read and have his mother read to him.

18. Doubtless some of you think that perhaps I am dead or else have forgotten you. I have not forgotten my Cheerful Letter friends, by any means. In November we were assigned to the pastorate of a Methodist mission in Rocky Mount, North Carolina. We also have two coun-

try churches to serve, thus making our hearts and hands full of love and labor for the Master's cause. I have been so busy I could not acknowledge personally all the books, magazines, etc., sent me. So I take this method of heartily thanking each donor. Just before I left my former home (Swepsonville, North Carolina) I received two boxes of books and quickly gave them out to those who needed them. They were anxious for them and I am sure much pleasure was derived from them. There is a Community House near us, where the people can go to read, play, cook, etc. A welfare-worker is employed by the capitalists who own the mills out here, and as the owners reside in this city, much is done for the employees. They have the latest books, magazines, etc. Hence I shall not have much need for anything along that line. I should very much like to have some picture-books, cards, etc., for my little four-and-a-half-year-old boy. He gets very lonely, as his sisters and brother all go to school and he and I are all alone. Many thanks to the lady who sent me "A Daughter of the Land." I am thoroughly enjoying it. Have lost her name and address. Mrs. N. B. Strickland, 323 Ridge Street, Rocky Mount, North Carolina.

19. Mrs. W. H. Harris, Pleasant View, Virginia, would especially like *Ladies' Home Journal* and story-books; also a picture-book for her three-year-old boy.

20. Mrs. A. P. Shepherd, 1002 17th Street, Lynchburg, Virginia, wishes to be remembered. She is the mother of Mrs. Harris.

21. I wish to thank the Cheerful Letter friends for the reading they have sent me in the past year. I hope they will still send me reading. I should also be glad of a few scraps for my quilts. I have changed my post-office from Bassett to Philpott, Virginia. Mrs. Lucy Eanes.

22. We are a newly married couple, just gone to housekeeping, and find it hard to get along. Will the kind friends please send us reading, such as books and magazines? I am alone so much while my husband is at work I get lonely. And the nights are so long. We should appreciate good reading of any kind. I should be very glad if any of the good sisters would write me letters. I shall look forward with great pleasure to receiving letters or reading. Any quilt pieces would be

gladly received. Mrs. John Scarboro, Bodin, North Carolina, Box 84.

23. I should like to get the *Delineator*, *Needlecraft*, also the *Etude* or some other magazine of music for my oldest girl. Should be glad to get for the two little girls some cards and valentines that other children have used and laid aside. For these I should be so thankful. Mrs. W. G. Church, Elkin, Surrey County, North Carolina.

24. Mrs. Katherine E. Hensley, Martinsville, Virginia, Route 3, Box 74A, living in a lonely place, her husband away much of the time, asks for reading for herself and a boy eight years of age; also picture-books, cards, or fairy stories for the two little ones.

25. Ida M. Purcell, Spencer, Virginia, Route 3, Box 27, thirteen years of age, asks for reading for herself and two brothers, Burton, aged eleven, Hermon, nine; pictures and cards for Pansie, Florence, Eva, and Wesley, all younger.

26. I wish to thank all who have sent me reading, and want to say my address is now changed from Critz, Virginia, to Smith, North Carolina. I hope some one will write to me in my new home. All the people are strangers to me. Will some one send me a few quilt pieces and bits of crochet thread? Any good reading will be gladly received. Mrs. Katie Merritt, Smith, North Carolina.

27. I am writing to ask the good people of the Cheerful Letter Club to send me some reading matter, such as magazines or books, and some picture books and cards for my two little children aged three and four years. I should also like to correspond with some of the mothers, as I need help and encouragement in bringing up my little ones. We are not able to buy many books, as we are farmers and do not own land. Mrs. Lemma Evans, Madison, North Carolina, Route 3.

28. I should appreciate any good books to read, and also scraps for patchwork. I live in the country with my father and mother. My mother has been almost an invalid for years. Fannie Marley, Wallace, North Carolina.

29. I should be very grateful to have you remember me in the future. I live in a country home and my husband and I are both getting old and very delicate.

We haven't any children to cheer us, but I feel that I am blessed to have my aged mother to live with us. She will be ninety-seven years of age March 26. Please remember her with a shower of cards. I should be glad to have you send me a Bible with large print; also quilt pieces. I refer you to my pastor, Rev. Mr. Ellington, at Big Island, Virginia. Mrs. S. W. White, Snowden, Virginia.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

THE RIGHT WAY OF BREATHING.

At first thought, it may seem to some absurd to suggest that busy women, with a great deal of heavy work to do about their homes, need any advice about the way they breathe! But a person's general health, vigor, and energy depend to a very large extent on the amount of air taken in by the lungs, to furnish oxygen for the blood. The more abundant and regular the supply of fresh air inside the lungs, the purer becomes the blood, and the quicker and more thorough becomes the throwing away of waste matter.

Persons who are in the habit of breathing through the partly open mouth are taking in air through the wrong door. The nostrils are the proper air-entrances provided by nature; and the habit of mouth-breathing, being contrary to nature's plan, brings with it a host of disabilities, some of them very serious.

In the first place, then,—we should breathe through the nose, keeping the nostrils clear and free for that service.

And nature intends the whole space of our lungs to be used,—not merely a few inches of the lung-space just below the windpipe. The lungs, sheltered from injury by the protecting fence of the ribs, extend downward practically to the waistline. But how many busy house-mothers habitually give themselves enough air to fill that whole space with fresh supplies?

Of course, there are some differences in our methods of breathing that depend on the conditions or the mood of the moment. If one is greatly excited, her breathing may for a while be irregular in time and in depth. A "nervous" mood often makes the breath shorter and quicker than usual. But every woman's general habit should be to breathe *deeply and evenly*, and rather slowly,—as slowly

as may be necessary to secure that depth and evenness or regularity.

Using only a part of our lung capacity, and using that in an irregular, uneven way, makes all the work we do more difficult and tiresome. It is like trying to cook by a fire with a poor draught, where there is not enough air to kindle and consume the fuel. Breathing in the right way gives us one of the conditions that are most essential for gaining and keeping bodily health and vigor.

Moreover, correct breathing helps a woman to keep her nerves steady. A war-worker who has recently returned to America after long experience among the ruined homes of France, tells of a young French mother whose home village was captured and wrecked by the Germans while she lay helpless in bed with a newborn child. When—after the Germans had gone—the young woman was able to get up and view the ruin and filth in which her once pretty house had been left, her first impulse was to shriek aloud with hysterical horror. But she knew she must control herself for the sake of her three children. So she held on to something for support, and deliberately forced herself to breathe slowly, regularly, silently, in-and-out, in-and-out, until the very act had quieted her trembling nerves. Then she found she could think and speak and act with calm good sense.

We more fortunate American women may never have so dramatic an occasion to test the value of deep breathing, but it is a good idea to remember it, and, perhaps, try it for ourselves if some much smaller trial seems likely to set nerves a-quiver.

Many books and magazines give directions for simple exercises which any woman can easily take for herself, to increase the capacity of her lungs, and so make the intake of clean air as generous as possible. Of course the clothing should be loose enough to allow perfect freedom of motion. This is one of the exercises advised:—

Stand straight, in a natural position, the feet slightly apart to give good support, the head erect but without tilting the chin; chest high but not strained; hips straight; shoulders held backward in the same line with the hips; arms hanging downward with palms of hands lightly touching the legs. Now raise the arms slowly, sidewise, without bending the elbows, as high as they will go above

the head. *Breathe in while the arms are rising.* As soon as the arms have reached their highest point, let them slowly sink to their original position, *breathing out while the arms are going down.* Do not "hold the breath" between the rise and fall of the arms, but let the breath begin to go out slowly as soon as the arms reach their height. It is a good plan to do this four or five times, in a room where there is plenty of good fresh air, when one first rises in the morning.

DISCIPLINE IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

For some time there has been a widespread feeling among Sunday-school workers that discipline discourages membership and lessens attendance. The outcome of that feeling has been a tendency to condone disorder, to soften any rebuke administered to bad manners and levity—in short, to make the sessions of the Sunday-school attractive even at some sacrifice of order and reverence. In trying to avoid the possible unpleasant results of discipline, those in authority have in some cases gone to the other extreme and have done away with discipline altogether.

It is an old fact of human psychology that children love discipline. There is something safe and satisfying in knowing that you are fenced about with rules thoughtfully made and wisely enforced.

If that sounds theoretical, let us take refuge in facts. Not long ago the matter was put to the test in a large number of Sunday-schools. Pencils and paper were distributed among the pupils, and every child was asked to write down some change that he would like to see in connection with the Sunday-school. Did they get out of the lesson period what they should? Were the songs the kind they enjoyed most? Was sufficient time devoted to drill work?

The answers were surprisingly alike. There were a few suggestions in regard to equipping the Sunday-school rooms; some of the pupils expressed a desire to change teachers, and others took occasion to laud their teacher to the skies; one or two wondered whether the building could not be enlarged. But more than half of the pupils spoke of discipline. Better order was the burden of their song. Here are some of the sentences that the children's papers yielded:—

"There ought to be quiet during the prayers."

"We ought to start at the right time."

"Every one should take part in the singing."

"The teacher in the class next to us ought not to talk so loud."

"They should not give out the new papers till we are through with the lesson."

"We ought to get up and sit down without making so much noise."

"Every member of the class ought to be present if he isn't sick."

"The secretary ought not to disturb us after we get well started."

One child put the whole matter into a single pithy declaration:—

"We ought to have strict rules and live up to them."

The free use of "ought" in the test papers is highly significant. Almost every suggestion seemed to turn on that word. There seems to be but one conclusion to draw: the instinct for law and the desire to see it properly enforced are strong in the heart of youth. Even those girls and boys who are habitually unruly recognize the need of system and appreciate the beauty of order.

It is evident, then, that letting down the bars and winking at misdemeanors are poor ways to make things pleasant in Sunday-school. There is a more excellent way to be had for the taking. Discipline is an essential part of discipleship.—*The Youth's Companion.*

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

FITZ JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

One of the most popular of Sir Walter Scott's novels, "The Lady of the Lake," was written in verse. It tells a story of romantic adventure in the sixteenth century, among the Scottish mountains north of Stirling,—the region now known as the Trossachs. At the time of the story, in the days of King James V. of Scotland, the dwellers in those highland districts lived in a world of their own, quite separate, in its habits and interests, from the lowland South. The Highland chiefs were extravagantly proud of their valorous ancestors. They regarded the affairs of industry and trade as quite beneath their dignity, and lived as outlaws or land-pirates, sending their men to make

raids on the farms and villages of the neighboring districts. The hero of the tale, a Scottish knight calling himself James Fitz James, had made an excursion into the edge of the highlands and had lost his way. His accidental meeting with the most powerful of the outlaws is pictured in these chosen passages from the story. The scene of the encounter is a lonely place in the mountains, far from any settlement.

The shades of eve come slowly down;
The woods are wrapped in deeper brown;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe.
With cautious step and ear awake
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
But every breeze that swept the wold
Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,

Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
A watch-fire close before him burned.
Beside its embers red and clear,
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer;
And up he sprang with sword in hand,—
"Thy name and purpose? Saxon,—stand!"

"A stranger."

"What dost thou require?"

"Rest and a guide and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."

"Art thou a friend to Roderick?"

"No."

"Thou dardest not call thyself a foe?"

"I dare,—to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand!"

"If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of knight."

"Then by these tokens mayst thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."

"Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare.
Stranger,—I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honor spoke
Demands of me avenging stroke;
But not for clan nor kindred's cause
Will I depart from honor's laws.
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name.
Guidance and rest and food and fire
In vain he never must require.

Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way."

With that, he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down, like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

The next morning the Highlander and the Lowland knight set out together over the mountains, and, on the way, became engaged in a discussion of the rights of the Highland outlaws. Fitz James at last exclaimed, angrily, that, though this time he had come into the mountains with no hostile intention, he should come again in serious earnest, and could not then see Roderick Dhu soon enough! The Highlander was prompt in reply.

"Have, then, thy wish!"

He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill.
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath arose
Bonnets* and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood and still.

The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz James:—

"How say'st thou now?
These are Clan Alpine's warriors true;
And,—Saxon,—.... I am Roderick Dhu."

Fitz James was brave. Though to his heart

The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the Chief his haughty stare;
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before,
"Come one, come all. . . . This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I!"

But Roderick Dhu was not the man to set five hundred on a solitary stranger. He dismissed his followers; they vanished among the rocks and fern as suddenly as they had appeared. And it was not till later that Highlander and Lowlander matched their own manly strength.

* The old Scottish term for a man's cap.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

WHAT AÉROPLANES ARE DOING.

A writer in *Harper's Magazine* for January has been looking over the field of practical business, to see how far the aéroplane has become actually serviceable, and his report gives us much to think about:—

"Merchandise of every sort is daily transported on a regular schedule between London and Paris. Airplane lines for the regular transportation of merchandise between Brussels and Paris have also been established.

"Regular daily newspaper delivery by airplane was inaugurated last May by the London *Daily Mail*, which sent packages of a certain edition to the northern counties and to Scotland by the air route. The papers are dropped from the planes in bundles attached to parachutes. The regular railway time from Manchester to Aberdeen is thirteen hours and ten minutes; the newspaper plane makes it in three hours and a half.

"At Johannesburg, South Africa, a commercial aviation company has been formed, for the purpose of establishing passenger and express service between that city and Pretoria, Maritzburg, Durban, and Cape Town. Australia has already established a transcontinental airway from Sydney, 2,550 miles across country, to Port Darwin on the north coast, with landing stations and fuel depots 390 miles apart. A newly organized company in India is to establish passenger and express routes from Calcutta to Simla, Bombay, Puri, and other distant points, where railway journeys have meant slow travelling over a thousand miles or thereabouts.

"In Canada, where forest fires are so terrible a menace to the timber-lands and to settlements, they have now a forest-fire patrol that sweeps back and forth over certain districts by aéroplane, on the watch for the first sign of danger. And in Labrador, where exploration of the back-country is enormously difficult, twenty men with three machines recently examined about two million square miles of timber-lands, bringing back photographs and sketches of new and immensely valuable sources of pulpwood and lumber.

"One of the most extraordinary applications of the new means of transportation may be for missionary enterprise in

the jungles of equatorial Africa! At least one Christian organization which is already working there among the natives is making arrangements to have its workers go from place to place by aéroplane, instead of spending long weeks and months in slow steaming up and down the long tributaries of the Congo River, and pushing through jungle trails.

"During the war it was found that submarine, quite invisible from the deck of a near-by vessel, could be seen if the observer were sufficiently high up in the air, over the place where the undersea craft lay concealed. Now that strange fact has suggested a new commercial service for the aéroplane. Instead of having a fishing vessel obliged to cruise about 'by guess,' to reach places where fish are actually abundant, such vessels have been directed in their movements by an aviator, who, from his higher point, can see plainly precisely where the fish are and where they are not. Flying at an elevation of three thousand feet, an observer can see mackerel or cod swimming about a hundred feet below the surface of the water.

"Another interesting new line of air service is the carrying of large sums of money over districts where land transportation is unsafe. For example, one Oklahoma oil company, operating over an extensive tract of unsettled territory with many wells at isolated points, had been sending the money for the weekly payroll by automobile. In spite of a heavily armed guard, the robbers more than once succeeded in getting away with the cash. Now the pay is delivered by airplane, with perfect safety against robbery and an immense saving of time and cost."

Most of us still shudder at the thought of the perils of aviation. The writer in *Harper's* goes on to say:—

"To the man on the ground, with no special knowledge of aerial affairs, the element of risk seems frightful. But in the same manner men years ago were terrified by the railway with its original speed of fifteen miles an hour." The bicycle and the automobile were at first denounced as too outrageously dangerous. But railways and automobiles now have their established place. And, as a matter of fact, the aéroplane and the airship, in proportion to their numbers, have no worse record as to accidents than the railway and the motor-car.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 40, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

ADDITION PUZZLE.

What consonant added to the following letters as many times as may be necessary will make a complete sentence?

A Y O G E A N ' S O G A N Y

II.

JUMBLED NAMES.

Make eleven names of girls by combining two or more of the short words in the following list. Use each word only once. He tie a bell at my car is pen a line be a lot rice O mat a net bar tie do tie a rot tie bar hat elope.

III.

DIAMOND.

1
6 2 7
1 2 3 4 5
7 4 8
5

- 1, a letter of the alphabet.
- 6, 2, 7, forever.
- 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, an aromatic gummy resin.
- 7, 4, 8, a period.
- 5, consonant.

IV.

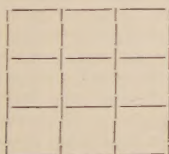
TWISTED FISH.

1. Kipeclre.
2. Uortt.
3. Prhuotno.
4. Imnown.
5. Nalsmo.
6. Lahwe.
7. Hprce.

V.

ARRANGING THE DIGITS.

Arrange the nine digits in the nine squares so that their sum, counted every way, shall be 15.



VI.

A SEARCH FOR "PENS."

Discover these words each of which begins or ends with the syllable "pen": (1) Feathery; (2) easy of access; (3) a large web-footed sea-bird; (4) to make darker or more intense; (5) a small flag; (6) undecided; (7) thoughtful or sad; (8) a Jewish festival; (9) a decided taste; (10) a species of the poplar-tree; (11) punishment for offence; (12) absence of means or resources.

The above puzzles are taken from the *Beacon*, to which the Editor makes due acknowledgment.

Answer to puzzle in the January number.

II. ACROSTIC: PEAR
ORANGE
MELON
OLIVE
NECTARINE
APRICOT—Pomona.

Answers to puzzles in the February number.

I. The answer to this puzzle will be in the April number.

II. A DIAMOND: P
HAT
PAPER
TEN
R

III. PECULIAR ARITHMETIC: Washington.

IV. A STAIRWAY:

CAD
CADMUS
MUSLIN
LINDEN
DENTAL
TALCUM
CUMBER
BERTIE
TIE

V. AN ACROSTIC:

LOUISVILLE
CORIOLANUS
CANTERBURY
BINGHAMTON
BELLFLOWER
PARTHENOPE
EVANGELINE
MARSEILLES
WASHINGTON
LONGFELLOW—Longfellow.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange,
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Editor of The Cheerful Letter, Miss L.
Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston,
Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols,
25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of *The Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

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In sending subscriptions for *The Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

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Make all applications to the Home Study Work, Mrs. Elmer E. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

MUSIC.

The music sent out by this department has in the past given much pleasure; and now that there is more and more interest in "community singing" the calls for help may naturally be expected to be greater.

Offers and requests should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 35 East 30th Street, New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th Street, New York City.